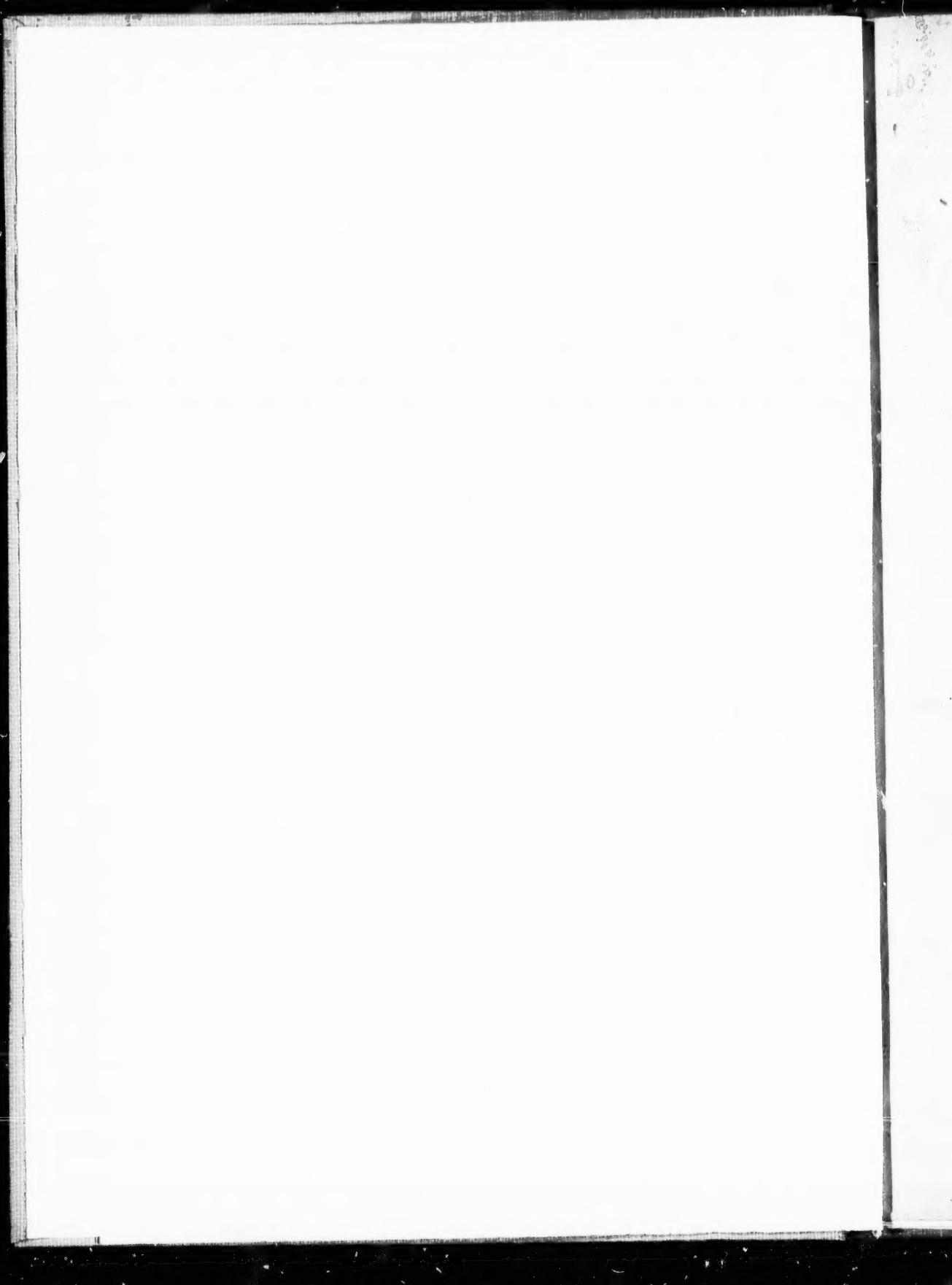




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Portraiture from life.

BY

A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

Printed for private circulation.

HALIFAX, N. S.

"CHRISTIAN MESSENGER" OFFICE.

1862.

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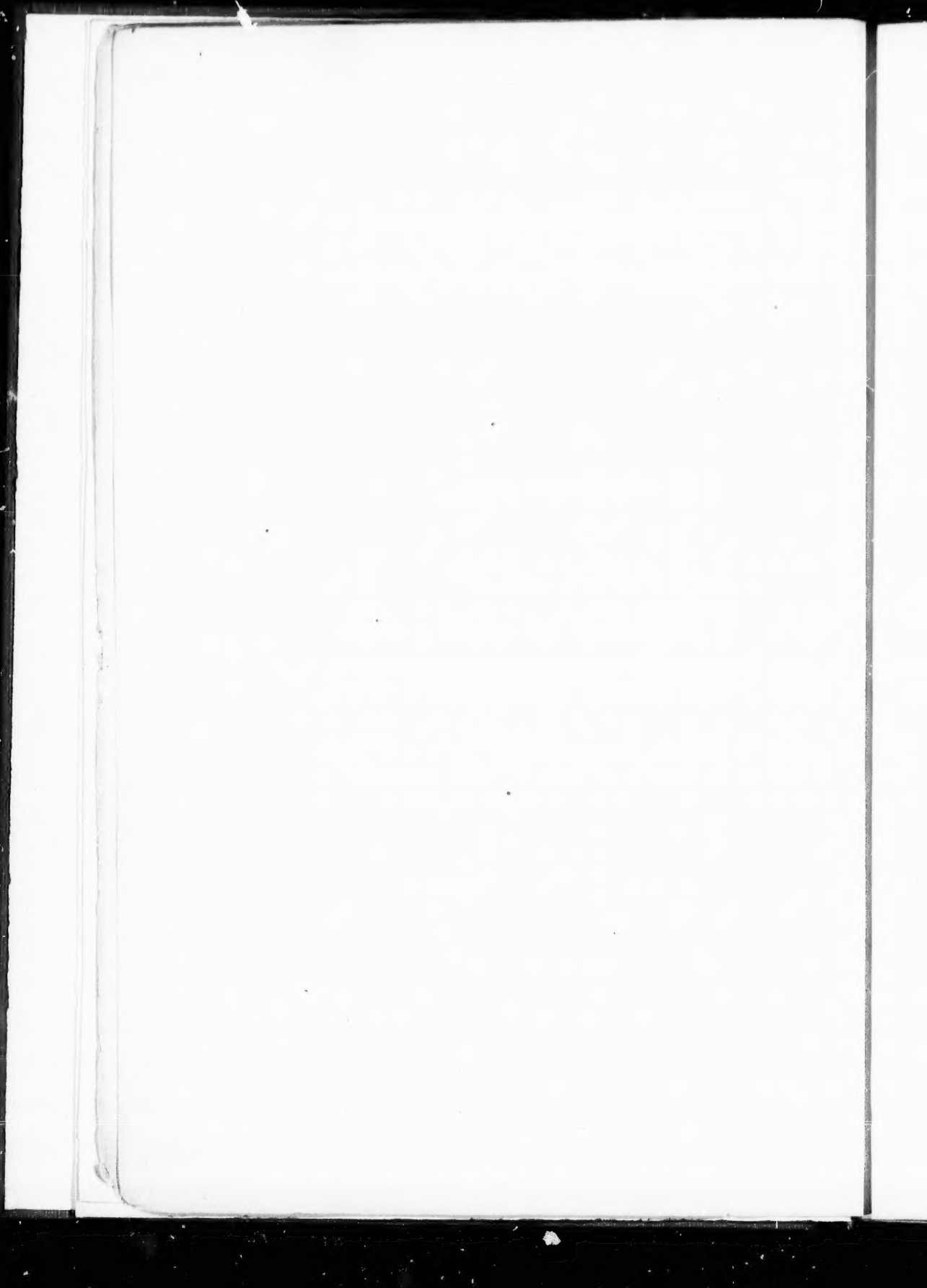
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A Portraiture from life.

“DIED.—At Wolfville, on Saturday last, 26th instant, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Anne Cramp, wife of Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., President of Acadia College, aged 68 years.—*Halifax (N. S.) Christian Messenger*, July 30, 1862.

The subject of this sketch was born in London, June 18, 1794. Her parents were persons of eminent piety, held in high esteem by all with whom they were associated. They were members of the Baptist church then meeting in Carter Lane, Southwark, of which the Rev. Dr. Rippon was pastor, and which is now under the charge of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Her father was one of the deacons of the church. He was also for many years London Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society.*

Her religious advantages were of no common order, and were no doubt greatly blessed to her. She was led to give herself to God in early life. The following is her own account of her conversion:—

“I can hardly remember the time when I did not feel *some* interest in serious subjects—a love to God’s people—

*William Burls Esq., of 56, Lothbury, London, and afterwards of Lower Edmonton, died June 26, 1837, aged 74. “An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.”

Mary Burls, a fit “help meet” for that excellent man, died Feb. 8, 1849, aged 87.

and a great pleasure in committing to memory hymns, passages of scripture, &c. Thus it was with me till 1810, when it pleased my Heavenly Father to visit me with a severe illness. I was obliged to leave school, and for some months could not leave my room. Then did I especially feel my need of an interest in Jesus, and I longed to *lay hold* of that hope which I felt I had been only *looking at*. My dear parents often spoke to me, but I was unable to tell any one what was passing within. Gaining some strength, change of air was advised, and Kettering was the place fixed upon. There my dear mother placed me under the care of an old and valued friend of hers, who not only supplied her place with respect to those attentions my situation required, but often spoke to me of the things belonging to my everlasting interests. There also I had frequent visits from christian friends, and, when able, regularly attended Mr. Fuller's ministry. About this time I was much impressed under a discourse I heard him deliver. It was an exposition on John xv. 1-5. On my return from the house of God I freely opened my mind to the friend with whom I was placed. She encouraged me to hope that I was really united to the 'living Vine;' but I felt there was something wanting, and I longed for more evidence of a renewed nature. A few days after it pleased the wise Disposer of human events again to destroy my expectations of complete restoration to health. I caught cold one evening: an inflammation of the lungs followed, and I was considered in danger. My own impressions were that I should never be raised up again. My distress at first was extreme; distance from my beloved friends—every circumstance added to the anguish of my mind. But God was pleased to 'speak peace unto me,' and enabled me to resign myself into his hands. I felt him near to me, and could look at death without much dismay. The 276th and 277th hymns of the Selection I found contained the language of my heart,* and I almost longed to be where I should grieve my

* The reference is to Rippon's Selection, at that time generally used by Baptist congregations in England. The first hymn is Beddome's hymn, beginning. "My times of sorrow and of joy." Three verses of it constitute No. 596 in the *Psalmist*. The last two verses are strangely omitted. They are—

best Friend no more. But God was pleased to bless the means for my recovery, which was very rapid, so that in April, 1811, I returned home." After some other statements, the account proceeds;—"I then determined in the Lord's strength that I would avow my attachment to Him and his people. I had found I could live upon the Fountain, and that there was enough in God to make me happy. Thus, in April, 1812, I was united to the Church [in Carter Lane, then under the ministry of Dr. Rippon.] I cannot say I enjoyed much at that time. The adversary was permitted to harass my mind with the apprehension that I had done wrong:—but I trust God accepted the surrender, and has enabled me to make ~~me~~ and again. Different means have been used ~~me~~ the hidden evils of my heart. I have proved ~~er~~ inflicts a wound he could safely spare. My con ~~been~~ slow and inconclusive; but I trust I can ~~ed~~ to the period when I shall 'wield no more the war ~~sword,~~ but 'wear the conqueror's crown.'

The above was written in 1824, in which year my acquaintance with the dear departed one commenced. We were married Feb. 1, 1826. Since that time I have had, of course, full opportunity of observing and knowing her "manner of life." We have travelled together in sunshine and storm; we have climbed the hills and descended into the valleys; we have tasted of the "cup of salvation," and we have drank some bitter draughts;

"What is the world, with all its store?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet:
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking thorn I meet.

"Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey 's mixed with gall;
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be *Thou* my all in all."

The second hymn referred to is Cowper's, beginning, "O Lord! my best desires fulfil."

joy and grief, hope and disappointment, with other contraries, have fallen to our lot;—and now, “one is taken and the other left.” The survivor is called on to discharge the last office of friendship and love.

From the baptismal vow to the departure heavenward, christian uniformity of demeanour was observable in the lamented deceased. It was a quiet walk with God, a well-sustained endeavour to exhibit, in temper and conduct, the influence of the gospel. Her gentleness of spirit and retiring disposition shrunk from the whirl and bustle in which some find themselves at home, and christian graces shone in a limited sphere, yet not less brightly. When she entered into the marriage relation wider scope for the manifestations of love and zeal was furnished, bringing into operation powers and qualities which had not been before developed. By the grace of God she proved equal to every demand, and filled with credit the various stations of trust and responsibility—public and private—in England, in Canada, and in Nova Scotia—in which she was placed.

Such a life as hers, however, was of necessity barren of incidents. It presented to view an unbroken line of duty, faithfully discharged, but was undiversified by extraordinary changes, or events of any thrilling interest. It will be advisable, therefore, to attempt a general sketch, without descending to minuteness of detail.

My departed wife cherished the most profound reverence and ardent love for God's holy word. It was her constant companion. Whatever engagements required attention, whatever other books were read,

nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily study of heavenly truth. The bible lay on her table, ready to be consulted on all emergencies, and was truly "a lamp unto her feet and a light unto her path," Psalm cxix. 105. Thence her soul derived strength and comfort. So familiar was she with its contents that apt quotations were always at command, for direction, consolation, or warning. In her straits and sorrows she solaced herself with her Heavenly Father's words, and relied on them with filial affection and confidence. She had no doubt of their truth; she *felt* it. Earthly hopes might fail, and men might deceive, but she knew that

"His promise is yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

Many passages in her bible have a pencil mark in the margin, shewing that they were peculiarly precious to her. Among them are the following:—Psalm xxvii. 13, 14: xxxi. 19-21: lv. 22. Prov. iii. 5, 6: xviii. 10. Isa. xxv. 4-9: xxvii. 3: xl. 27-31: xlix. 14-16. Mat. vi. 25. Rom. viii. 28, 32. Ephes. vi. 11-18. Phil. iii. 8. 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. 2 Tim. ii. 19. Heb. vii. 25. 1 Pet. i. 4: ii. 9. 2 Pet. iii. 9. I may add, that she was accustomed to read daily Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises, and found them very profitable.

Nearness to God was habitual. Her times of retirement for meditation and prayer were sacredly observed. They were hallowed seasons. She came forth from her chamber refreshed, and prepared for labour or conflict. How she was occupied while there;—what divine communings she enjoyed;—how closely and impartially

she examined herself, in regard to principles, feelings, aims, and motives;—and with what earnest pleadings she sought God's blessing, especially on her children, cannot be told; but enough is known to warrant the conclusion that the hours of her withdrawal from society were spent in heavenly exercises, the effects of which were seen in the whole course of her life.

These habits were conjoined with maturity of character, to which, indeed, they largely contributed. Her piety was at once intelligent and warm-hearted. Unlike many christian professors, who satisfy themselves with the mere rudiments of religion, and are therefore ever at uncertainty respecting their state, she desired to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that she might be filled with all the fulness of God." Her religion was neither speculative nor vapourish. It was experience, founded on truth well understood, and issuing in consistent practice. She "knew whom she had believed," and christian temper and conduct were the fruits, not of fitful, changeable impulses, but of established principles. She loved the grand truths of the gospel, the sublimities of the faith; and when they were set forth in the services of the church her soul drank in the word with holy avidity, and she "rejoiced in the Lord, and joyed in the God of her salvation." Hence her christian career was steady. She neither halted nor hurried. It was not assurance one day, and doubt and despondency the next—a summer, all fragrant with perfume, followed by winter's chilling

blast; but it rather resembled the "path of the just," which "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. iv. 18. Or, if that may be thought too flattering a representation, it was just going on in God's ways, and exemplifying, in the various relationships of life, a deep consciousness of obligation to divine grace, in harmony with Romans xii. 1, 2.

Her native good sense, strengthened and sanctified by religion, admirably qualified her for a counsellor. She possessed a keen perception of propriety. She could not endure the least swerving from integrity and straightforwardness in the conduct of affairs. She seemed to discern intuitively the pathway of prudence. She was a model of discretion. I never repented of following her advice; it was always safe to give good heed to her admonitions and cautions. "She opened her mouth with wisdom," Prov. xxxi. 26.

Distinguished as she was for the manifestation of that "meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price," (1 Pet. iii. 4,) and disinclined to exact rigorously even what might be regarded as rightful claims, she knew how to draw the line between abjectness and proud assumptions. She was gentle and yielding, and "in her tongue was the law of kindness":—but on fitting occasions, when it was needful to protest against wrong-doing or repel insult, she could be firm as a rock.

She enjoyed in a high degree the pleasures of benevolence, esteeming it an essential part of the christian's calling to tread in the steps of Him who "went about

doing good." Her whole training, in the family and in the church, tended to this result. She had seen bountifulness at home, in manifold forms, and her conduct proved that she had learned the lesson well. Our denominational objects were dear to her heart, especially the foreign mission, with which she felt particularly identified, having had frequent opportunities of forming acquaintance with missionaries when they were sojourning for a while under her father's hospitable roof. Her co-operation was frequently sought and cheerfully given in connection with the multiform plans of usefulness in which christian females take delight. The poor experienced her kindest sympathies, and no small amount of relief was afforded to them, both from the purse and from the "basket and store."

Afflictions, many and various, were endured. Children were taken away, and near relations removed, by death. Sickness—losses—disappointed hopes, contributed to swell the list of her sorrows, and sometimes the "waves and billows" followed each other in rapid succession. She bore all with submissive patience. Some persons' griefs are always heard and seen;—the whole extent of their suffering is known;—they mourn in public. It was not so with her. She suffered in silence, and her anguish was far more acute than observers imagined. But though she revealed it not to her fellow-creatures, she poured out her soul before the Lord, and He comforted her. She was enabled to repress emotion, and to evince a dignified composure, under which lay concealed deep and sorrowful experience. Perhaps the pain would have been less piercing if the

outward expression had been more indulged. The tearless eye and the torn heart are often connected in the same person. "Deep streams are silent."

That such a one as my late dear wife would be respected and loved by those who knew her, and the more in proportion to the completeness of their knowledge, might have been anticipated. And so it was. There were no attractions of genius—no brilliant talents—nothing of a striking kind, so to speak; but there was a combination of good qualities,—a moral symmetry—an unobtrusive excellence—a general loveliness—that deserved esteem, and secured it.

Yet let it not be supposed that the design is to draw the picture of a perfect being, or to insinuate that the subject of this sketch was without faults. Most painfully conscious was she of innumerable failings, as before God; and any attempt to magnify her excellences at the expense of truth and soberness would have been sternly reproved and abhorred. The words of two saints, one of the Old Testament, the other of the New, may be taken as expressing her views, as well as those of all well-informed christians, in this respect:—"If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me; if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Job. ix. 20. 1 John i. 8. But I do not feel myself called on to point out instances of imperfection or blame-worthiness. It is rather my object to "glorify God in her," and to display the power of his grace. And this may be done still further by narrating the manner of her departure from us.

Warning was given several years before her death, when it was ascertained that she was the subject of a disease (an affection of the heart), the final blow of which might be parried for a while, but would at length fall fatally, and might come on a sudden. She received the warning with composure, and was thankful for it, because it so powerfully enforced the necessity of habitual preparation. From that time she sought to live as "dying daily."

Hers was a case of long-protracted suffering. It was not occasional or intermittent, but in some form pressed upon her constantly, so that, as she once expressed herself, borrowing the Apostle Paul's words, she "groaned, being burdened." The peculiar bodily distress produced by her disease was aggravated by want of sleep, which could seldom be obtained without the use of opiates, the effect of which on the system was in many respects injurious. If, under such circumstances, when worn by perpetual wakefulness, or struggling hard for breath, she uttered earnest cries for help and deliverance, exclaiming, "O for rest!"—"Lord, help me"—"I long to go"—"Why this delay?"—"Shorten the work, if it be thy pleasure,"—they were the words of *suffering nature*, and might find parallels in the records of the last days and hours of the most eminent saints, in all ages. But mingled with them were other utterances, shewing the power of *restraining grace*;—such as, "I must wait"—"O for patience"—"There's a *needs-be*" (alluding, probably, to 1 Pet. i. 6.). And the very form of expression often assumed by her indicated at once the object of desire and the assurance

of hope. It was the language of prayer to the Saviour, in whose coming to fetch his servants home she recognized the christian idea of death. "How long, Lord?"—"Come, oh come!"—"Come, blessed Jesus, what is it that hinders thee?" Thus she pleaded with Him, who "hath the keys of hell and of death," (Rev. i. 18), asking that the door might be opened to admit her to his presence.

When she first conversed with me respecting her approaching departure, which was about ten days before the event, she expressed her desire for clearer views of divine truth, and more satisfactory experience, intimating that she was oppressed by many anxieties and fears. She was reminded of Newton's argument, in one of his hymns,—

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

She repeated the lines after me, with much feeling. Having adverted to her frequent depression of spirits, and her inability to fix her mind on any subject, or even to read with pleasure, I assured her that all that was the effect of disease, and directed her attention to the declaration of the Psalmist, that the Lord "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust" (Psalm ciii. 14), and to the Saviour's tender consideration of the circumstances of his disciples, when he said, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak,"—Matt. xxvi. 41.

The humility which she had ever manifested was

especially conspicuous as she drew near the other world. She could not look back with complacency on her past life, nor pride herself on the position she had attained, or the good she had effected. Other thoughts occupied her mind—of ingratitude for mercies—of responsibilities inadequately realised—of privileges imperfectly improved—of apathy, indifference, and hardness of heart. These and kindred topics were presented vividly to her soul, and she was abased before God. At one time there appeared to be great mental conflict. The burden pressed heavily, and the pressure was perhaps increased by the insinuations of the “accuser of the brethren.” The language of the fifty-first psalm, versified by Dr. Watts, was employed, as expressive of her feelings:—

“My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace.”

“Shew pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive.”

“Lord, hear my cry, and send deliverance.” He *did* hear, and lifted up upon her again the light of his countenance. Faith laid hold of the promises, and peace followed. “He is able,” it was observed, to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him,” Heb. vii. 25. She added, “and *willing*, too.” The clouds did not return again.

In previous life her constitutional quietness of temperament had shewn itself in reserve on religious matters, at least, as far as regarded personal experience. She was not accustomed, unless on rare occasions, to free communication on such points. But in the last days of her illness all restraint was taken

away. Passages of scripture and verses of hymns were repeated in quick succession, and the emotions of the soul, as desire, or hope, or love, or joy predominated, found ready utterance;—at one time, in the form of assertion or address—at another, in fervent supplication. The same freedom appeared the day before her death, when at her request a Psalm was read (the twenty-third) and prayer offered. She added “Amen” several times, at the close of a petition, with a clear, firm voice.

The thought of “going home” afforded her inexpressible delight, and was referred to, in different ways, with great frequency. “Dying is going home,” she said,—“and home is a pleasant place.” “Almost home, doctor, am I not?” she said to the physician when he entered her room one morning. At another time—“I am going home—

‘Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus’ throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.’”

On one occasion, after a paroxysm of pain, she asked me whether I thought she could remain long in that state. On my replying in the negative she expressed her joy, repeating the verse,

“Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death
Ye bring eternal day.”

That “day,” I observed, will be a day without night; and there will be no sickness—no sorrow—no sin. “No”—she replied—“With God eternally shut in.”

The day before her departure her mind was in a peculiarly happy state. In the morning, as she was sitting up in the bed, she said, with great solemnity,—
 “The Master is come, and calleth for me, and I am ready. Dying is but going home.

‘Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.’”

About the middle of the day she beckoned to me to raise her up, and then exclaimed—“Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Into thy hands I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

‘I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.’

and then you may say—

‘Rejoice for a sister deceased,
 Our loss is her infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily chain.’”

Allusion being made to the “good hope” which the Lord has given us, she added, “through grace”; and then—

“A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.”

When I left her for the night, she said “good night; I hope I shall reach the land of blessedness before morning.”

The next morning, her last morning on earth, she said to me, “Near home!” “Yes,” I replied, “you are

near home." "Do you think so?" she asked; and on my replying in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;

‘I would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.’”

Some hours afterwards, when I asked her how she was, she replied, "Getting nearer to rest." "Yes," I said, "to your Father's house:" she added, "My Father's house on high." Soon after—"I won't be impatient; but the flesh begins to give way. 'My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'" These words were repeated very slowly and distinctly.

We did not think her end so near as it proved to be. In fact, it was supposed that she might possibly linger on a day or two longer. But the time was come.—When I next saw her she had fallen into a temporary delirium, and was talking to herself, rapidly and incoherently. Yet even her wanderings shewed the bias of her soul. "It is all right?" she exclaimed—a conviction which she had held with firm grasp all her life long.—And then she tried to repeat the verse—

"O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed."

Consciousness returned for a very brief interval, during which she recognised her husband and children.—Then the final struggle came on. It was short, and soon subsided into stillness. The breathing became fainter and fainter. At length we found that she had left us.

Three days afterwards, "devout men" carried her to the grave. On the Lord's day morning following the pastor preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, from Psalm cxvi. 15—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7. 14-17.

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Heb. 6. 12.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

1 THESS. iv. 17.

"For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul—near,
At times, to faith's forlorn eye,
The golden gates appear!

"Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!"

J. MONTGOMERY.

Extract from the Minutes of the First Baptist Church,
Horton:

" Aug. 2. 1862. Whereas it has pleased God to remove from
us by death the wife of our revered brother, the Rev. Dr. Cramp;

Therefore resolved, That we as a Church tender Dr. Cramp
and his family our heartfelt sympathy in this their heavy affliction,
feeling ourselves in no small degree partakers of their loss,—more
especially in the loss of the prayers and consistent example of our
sister departed.

We trust that God will comfort the bereaved parent and chil-
dren, and enable them to look to Him from whom cometh their
strength."

A. SAWERS CHASE, Clerk.